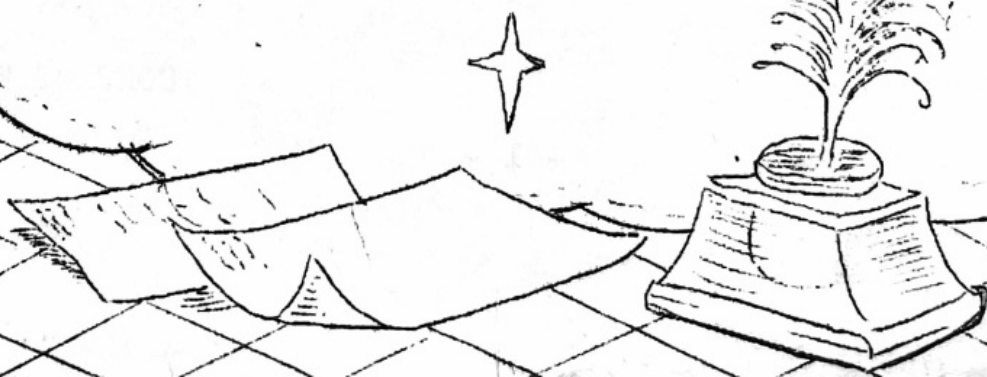


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C R O S B Y A N A

The Journal Of The BRITISH BING CLUB

No.2

1952

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The club was established in March 1950 by permission of
Mr. Bing Crosby and is associated with the American Club Crosby.

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Anniversary Greetings

Yes, it's certainly a long time since we wrote our last letter to you all. We shouldn't neglect our friends, should we. We hasten to make amends with this anniversary letter.

The prospect of Bing coming here for the summer is pretty good, although, as you already know Bing was perturbed by one newspaper who said it didn't want either Bob Hope or him around serious English golf. Bing heard different from the St. Andrews golfers and as it appears that the people who actually play golf, and do not just write about it, want him we expect he'll come to our shores. He might even be persuaded to do a broadcast, The great Gigli did (he televised too!) so there's no reason for Bing to let us down by not airing himself over BBC, unless our worthy broadcasting system try to get him free.

We feel some explanation is needed to put right our club subscriptions and the number of journals a member is entitled to. We have decided to issue the journal whenever we get important news items and this will mean either four or five journals per membership year. No matter how many journals, ~~FOUR~~ OR FIVE, each member will get the same number of pages over the whole year so if we miss one journal the following ones in that year will have more pages or more photographs. Incidentally, photo developing is extremely expensive and we note that many clubs charge separately for them but we shall continue our policy of 7/6 for everything per year. From now on membership will be based on "TWELVE MONTHS FOR 7/6". If you join on the 10th June 1951 your term will expire on 9th June 1952. This is the fairest way and, considering that we supply more journals than any other club, we hope you will all be satisfied. Please tell us if you are not. We try to do our best in catering for all tastes and we are helped by your suggestions.

A number of members have brought up the matter of club badges and the matter is under consideration. The problem is the cost and the steel shortage which does affect even the small metal industry. We have discussed the possibility of plastic badges.

In this issue we inaugurate our new pen pal section and we do hope you will respond to it for it is no good for anyone to join a club and not participate in it's functions. We would like to see many more Londoners at the Record sessions. We know transport is a problem but, it is worth it to be able to listen to some Crosby you've never heard or likely to hear. Our sincere thanks to those supporting members who are only too glad to supply the rare and wonderful examples of the Crosby magic for these Bing sessions.

Sincerely,
Jean & Ad.

Good news for all, "Road to Bali" is at last before the cameras. To make up for previous disappointments Paramount are making the film in technicolor which promises to be quite a treat. Van Heusen and Burke are out of the dog-house and have been signed to write the musical score. Bing's favourite composers have been "rested" during his last two pictures, so let's hope that in "Road to Bali" they will come slap bang into form again. Hal Walker is to direct the proceedings.

It will be apparent, by the time you read this, that Bing is not playing in the British Amateur Golf Championship. This is because his schedule did not permit it and not because one of our less responsible newspaper columnists invited him not to play.

The Johnny Mercer/Hoagy Carmichael song "In the Cool Cool Cool of the Evening" featured in the film "Here Comes the Groom" received an Academy award for the best original song of 1951. The last time that a tune from a Bing film received such an award was when the tune "Swinging on a Star" from "Going My Way" was thus honoured; previous to which "Sweet Leilani" from "Waikiki Wedding" received a similar award.

Jane Wyman, who stars once again with Bing in "Just for You," has recently started a new career as a vocalist on records; she has signed a long term contract with Decca and will wax ten to twelve sides a year.

It is reported that Bing will be coming over to Europe this Summer to make a film entitled "Little Boy Lost." The film has a Paris background and Bing will be surrounded by an all French cast; although no names have been given so far. The story is about a man who goes to France after the war to search for his small son who was lost there when his wife was killed by the Gestapo. This role will be the most dramatic that Bing has ever had and will call for some serious acting on his part, of which he is quite capable. Marghanita Laski, the authoress of "Little Boy Lost," is reportedly "very upset" that Bing is to play the lead in the film of her book. She wanted the part to be played by an English actor, preferably John Mills, to whom she sold the film rights. Mr. Mills, however, resold the rights to an American company. Miss Laski will be well known to television viewers as one of the panel on the popular "What's My Line" programme. She is a very brilliant and charming lady, but one who has a great deal to learn about the capabilities of a certain Mr. Crosby, whom Miss Laski obviously dismisses as "just another crooner."

We'd like to thank all those helpful members who have sent in suggestions and designs for our club badges; we appreciate your interest. We're still open for suggestions so, how about it?

The B.B.C. let us down with their "Tribute to Bing Crosby" programme on April 17th. by broadcasting it at the unearthly hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when most of us were slaving in our offices, or wherever it is we slave. Several members have written

(Concluded on Page 10)

HOW CASUAL

CAN HE GET?

by KATHARINE ALBERT.

Reprinted from the
May issue of the USA
film magazine
"Modern Screen."

You can hear anything you want to hear about Bing Crosby. Down at the heel song pluggers won't even mention his name (because even if Bing tried to sing half of the songs these pluggers wanted him to he wouldn't be through till he was 20,000 years old). But ask the Boys' Club of America for their opinion of him. (When Bing does a charity show every penny goes to the Club charity.

People call him saint, and they call him sinner. They say he's a dynamo and they point him out as the laziest man in the world. But the adjective most often applied is casual. Casual - the word was made for Crosby.

But just how casual can a man be and stay one of the top singers and top money makers in the world? There's something about Bing that nobody knows, some quality you can't define that is the real key to his character. He won't help you define it: he doesn't like to talk about himself. You can only observe him and analyse his actions, and maybe reach some sort of conclusion.

One of his traits is his difficulty in realising that what may be unimportant to him may be very important to someone else. He is bored and embarrassed by big accolades, large dinner parties. Whenever he receives an award he tries to duck out on the public celebration. But he's delighted when someone says to him, "I enjoyed your last picture, Bing," or "I never miss your radio shows. They're always good." He is not, as he has been called, a "fundamentally shy guy". He talks easily and pleasantly to everybody. But he hates a display. And since he hates it, he can't understand why it might be important to someone else.

Which brings us to the one and only Bob Hope who was once and only once offended by Bing. All the insults that generally fly back and forth, are for fun (and the benefit of the box office). But Bob was sincerely hurt when a testimonial dinner was given in his honour by the Friars Club and Bing didn't show up. The dinner meant something to Bob, but Bing did not realise how Hope felt. Well, the old Hollywood grapevine began to hum and it soon came to Bing's ears that Bob was hurt. This upset him. Bing is inordinately fond of Bob. How to apologise? How to make amends? He waited until he ran into Bob casually one day and then he said, "About that dinner. Well, I was afraid I might say the wrong thing." And then, grinning at Bob, he added, "Besides, I wasn't hungry that night."

That did it. Bob understood this to be an apology and took it as such. And they are the best of friends again.

The autograph hunters get sore at Bing every now and again. At a recent football match, for instance, they started crowding around and yelling, and Bing told them he wouldn't sign a single book. This, he feels, is a display, and he's worried lest someone will think he enjoys that kind of "I-can't-let-my-public-down" attitude. Besides he had come

to see a football game. And, he figured, so had everybody else. On his way out, long after the disgruntled kids had gone back to their seats grumbling, a little girl waiting by his car asked for his autograph. This was right up Bing's street- one child who did not obstruct the view.

There is absolutely no ham in his character. When he was asked "How does it feel to know that more your voice than that of any other man?" he answered, "Thrilling if true. But it's just Decca publicity." And in evaluating his acting ability (he won an Oscar, not for singing, but for acting in 'Going My Way') he said, "I believe I'm a fair actor when I'm playing a character who is like Bing Crosby. Any other role I can't handle at all, so I'm no actor." At all times he doesn't impress himself. He doesn't even keep a scrap book (he never did). Naturally, his office where his two brothers run his enterprises- keep clippings, but Bing just bother about that "name-in-the-paper" routine.

Yet, once in Canada he received a call from a little town near St. Albans. On his way back to New York when his train stopped at the little town Bing was met by the mayor who presented him with a jug of Vermont Maple Syrup. All the local schools were let out to see Bing at the ceremony. "I'm very big around St. Albans," he says proudly.

But he'll turn down a formal banquet attended by the most important dignitaries in the United States. He'll give a national magazine writer the run around but he'll pose in a chef's hat with a cup of coffee and a doughnut and let the caption read, "The face most conducive to drinking," to help out a friend who's just opened a restaurant.

For years the Hollywood Women's Press Club has voted him the most uncooperative actor in Hollywood. They finally picked on somebody else because Bing didn't seem to care. Wouldn't send the press girls insulting telegrams, or mend his ways by becoming available for interviews and photographs.

You can imagine that consternation reigned when at last year's HWPC's Christmas Party the new Santa Claus turned out to be Bing Crosby.

Later when he was asked why he had come to the party where he was such anathema, he said, "One of the members asked me. I would have come a long time ago but nobody ever asked me."

Bing is not lazy, he is simply relaxed. As he says, "There's nothing to be accomplished by running around in circles."

He is orderly and methodical. He arises at seven in the morning, eats a big breakfast, writes letters- business as well as personal- in long hand. Then he makes his 'phone calls. He is always prompt and expects others to be the same. When Bill Morrow first came to work for Bing as writer on his radio show, Bill was always 15 minutes or more late. He soon learned that this was not going down well with Bing. So early in their relationship Bill learned to be on time. But Bing still remembers and will say, "We'll set the meeting for nine-thirty so Bill will be here for ten."

Despite the fact that the Crosby enterprises are vast-everything from a pocket-sized breath freshener to a baseball batting team- Bing does not consider himself to be a good business man. He allocates authority to those who know how to accept it. When he was asked why he kept on working, he said, "First, I owe quite a bit of money and besides there are a good many people who, in one way or another, are dependent on my working."

You may be surprised to hear that Bing owes money and that he admits it. Well, to begin with, he is not, as people think, the world's richest man. And, as with all widespread business organisations like his, bad investments have been made. "Lots of money goes in taxes," he says, "the rest is reinvested in outside interests. I've had to borrow money to keep some of these going. If they pay off I'll be in clover. Until they do I've got to keep working." But Bing does not hoard money as he has been accused of doing.

So far Bing has been adamant about television for himself, although he does allow Crosby Enterprises to make a series of t/v shows. The reason he will not undertake a show of his own at the moment reveals another surprising facet of his nature. Despite his easy going appearance, his casualness, Bing is a perfectionist. Because he is a perfectionist any show he would do would be far too expensive because, "I don't think I'm big enough to get out there and ad lib myself through a video show." The problems of t/v are still too complicated. So even though he may seem relaxed to the point of indifference his actual behaviour belies this. His latest film, "JUST FOR YOU" was made in record time as are all his films. His radio show is performed with the least of "running around in circles."

It was not laziness on Bing's part, but love of perfection that made him the first American broadcaster to turn to tape recording for his weekly radio show. The network objected. The American broadcasting networks had never used tape for rebroadcasting before. Wouldn't the public complain when they learned the broadcast was not actually taking place at that exact moment? Bing thought not. And Bing can be quietly stubborn when he knows he's right. For the advantages of tape are many, even to the listening audience, the main one being that any part of the show which falls down can be cut out or re-recorded. All the performers were with Bing, to them it meant doing shows ahead of time so they could get away for that much needed vacation.

It was known in radio circles as "the battle of the tape". By being a quiet fighter Bing won and tape is one of the main reasons why Bing managed to journey to England in 1950.

In his pictures he will never do anything which he thinks is wrong and according to every director who has directed him, "Bing has an unerring instinct for knowing what is wrong for him and what is right for him." "Keep it simple." is his motto.

A simple well ordered life gives him more time to spend on his well-organised Nevada cattle ranch, more time to travel. And there's always golf. So why should he complicate his life with t/v or anything he has to do?

He wants his four boys to know the true value of a dollar but he wants them to know the rewards of generosity. In his own words this is what he wants out of his life: "I'd like to be justifiably proud of my boys."

Light hearted as he is he does get upset if any of the boys fail to get reasonable marks at school or if he hears they have boasted. There are two types Bing cannot abide - a braggart and a gossip. All he asks is that they (the boys) become well-rounded

human beings, that they educate themselves to be what they want to be. "Just so they aren't spoiled. Not pig-headed nor big-headed, just level headed." And when one of them falls short of this ideal Bing gets really mad.

Bing is a religious man. He believes in going to church (he is a Roman Catholic) and does so himself as does his family, but if you are not a churchgoer then that's your own private business. Tolerance is the keynote of his philosophy of living. And he puts his philosophy into practice. His philanthropies are many- and these are not carried out by secretaries nor are they secret- but he doesn't like them talked about. His most rewarding experience was, in his own words, "singing to the forces overseas."

For all his methodical ways, for all his vagaries, the charm of the man comes through when you really know Crosby. Ask a group of newspapermen who went on a recent trip to Nevada (Elko) with him for the premiere of "HERE COMES THE GROOM". These Boston journalists had come to mow down the man but Bing won them over immediately, first-naming both the men and the women and ending up by harmonizing with them all.

But the interesting thing is that Bing doesn't set out to deliberately charm the press because it amuses him to do so. He did not appear as Santa Claus at the Hollywood Womens Press Club because it delighted him to be quixotic. It was only because he did what he felt like doing.

In many ways Bing is best controlled and least complicated actor in Hollywood. Having no ham in him he does not wear his emotions like diamond studs. He never over dramatizes himself, although he, at one time, lived through a severe personal tragedy. During the time he had a grave decision to make he wore the same manner that has been his for years. No one that was not very close to him knew he was less than his merry self.

He never makes a quick decision, which is one of the reasons why he is a good craftsman, a good husband and a good father. In order to get along with Bing you must accept him as he is. You have to accept that there are private places in his heart.

Once, someone put this question to Bing: "If someone asked you 'What is Bing Crosby really like,' what would you say?"

He sucked on his pipe a minute, and then he said, "I've always seemed a pretty dull fellow to myself."

That is Bing Crosby's estimate of himself. And the funny thing is, he means it!. The funnier thing is, he's the only person who would say that after having met Bing Crosby. THE END.

+++++

During Bob Hope's personal appearance at the New York Paramount theatre the weather was rather cold and windy. On one of the most wintry days we were standing in the queue outside before the first show. Imagine our surprise when we saw none other than Bob Hope passing out cups of hot coffee to the queuers.

Jean M. Unger,
Union City,
New Jersey,
U. S. A.

"LYRICAL SLOP, SLUSH FILLS MINDS OF THE YOUTH OF OUR DAY."

Since there are few among the masses who can recognise the "Music of Heaven," it must be taught them, even if it has to be done through percussion band drum and fife, be bop trio or any other instruments that are understandable to them, says THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND NEWSPAPER, Commenting on what it calls "Stunt evangelism."

"Call these methods crude," say that the emotions aroused are unhealthy: bring forward again all the objections to evangelism which have studded it's history from the first century to this: but the truth, nevertheless, will remain that evangelists will go on believing that their task is that of winning souls to Christ- that purely and simply, and by whatever methods they are led to adopt.

Conventional and respectable people do not, as a rule, welcome this type of person. Parsons who are often most conventional and respectable sometimes welcome them ~~most~~ least of all.

Now it's just because they are different- because they are doing different things in different ways from those commonly accepted- that they achieve the results they do.

BING CROSBY and Donald Peers have won the ear of the younger generation by means of the lilting crooning which SANKEY, for example used to capture the youth of nearly a century ago.

Alas, it is now the sloppy, sentimental slush of these lyrics that in consequence fills the minds of the youth of our day, not the simple Gospel message."

The above "method" prescribed by the Church of England's newspaper is a good one but I fail to understand why Bing Crosby is blamed for winning the hearts of the world's youth unless, as we are often told in advertisements, we are as young as we feel and are always children at heart. I and all of you know there are as many middle-aged and old people who are just as fond of Bing as we are. These people don't show it like the younger ones, but one can find them in the cinema queue or in the record shops.

The Church has the greatest attraction to offer, and knowing that, it doesn't bother to publicise nor, in countless places does it bother to put any feeling into it's sermons. I wonder when all the heads of the church will realise that it is not what is said or sung but how! A short time ago the BBC T/V service transmitted an Easter service. The voice of the parson and his manner was a disgrace to the Book from which heread. This is generally so and I'm sure that Christ must have been full of feeling to make the words he spoke and the things he did be remembered to-day. He inspired the world(eventually) and it is, therefore, a sad thought that our clergy, with all the modern amenities at their disposal, don't think they can win the hearts of the younger set in this age.

I might remind the Church of England that the fellow who has won the hearts of youth has been asked, on numerous occasions, to sing at his local church: that his "Silent Night" record is a permanent best seller: that he saved many churches from financial ruin: that he and his family are regular church goers and, that his motto is "TOLERANCE"

Continuing Ralph Harding's series of articles on Bing's films.

THE ROAD TO MOROCCO

Yet another of the infamous "Road" series featuring the inimitable trio Bing, Bob and Dottie. The previous two of the series were good and terrific box-office ... this effort was definitely their best to date and hasn't been bettered. Exactly the same old story, the same settings but with new twists, even better gags and first class catchy songs. The opening scene is in the nature of a farcical climax. The opening shot shows an Atlantic liner cruising along merrily on the near horizon ... before you have time to hold your wife's hand or take the first suck of your 'choc ice, the liner explodes with a roar and atomic cloud of smoke. The next scene shows Bing and Bob as castaways on a raft in mid-ocean. The dialogue reaches great heights. It appears Bob had slipped into the powder room (Americana for a Ladies toilet) to have a quick smoke and it turned out to be the ship's Armoury ... not quite the same type of Powder Room. After being at sea for weeks they begin to get a bit hungry.

Bing: I once read about a situation like this. Two fellows in the same kinda spot. Starving ... they spun a coin to settle it (produces a dime and flips it) What date is it?

Bob: Er, guess it's nineteen thirty seven.

Bing: Not quite pal, only two out. It's nineteen thirty nine ... I win mmmmm plenty of fat on you but pretty tough eating and I've got no mustard.

Bob: You don't mean ... no! you couldn't you wouldn't ... I'm your best pal ...you wouldn't like me, I taste awful. When I bite my tongue I taste real bad besides Auntie wouldn't like it.

Auntie is a sort of guardian angel of Bob. When she died, she made Bing promise he would take care of Bob and by heck Auntie's going to see he does by frequent out-of-this-world visits in the top left hand corner of the screen. Eventually our pals hit land on the coast of Morocco and rest it out on the beach. After the corny old gag of Bob thinking Bing is kissing him when it's really a moth-eaten old camel licking him, is played out to the full, they mount the camel and amble across the Sahara and sing the inevitable "We're off on THE ROAD TO MOROCCO" hit song. This song was recorded by Bing solo with Vic Schoen Ork on BrE 03410 but to get the true lyrics and the fun of a Hope/Crosby duo, the American red label Decca 40000 is the disc. Even if it means pawning the family jewels, beg borrow or steal this disc.

Our comedy team land up in some North African town of minarets, slaves, camels, beggars and backsheesh and make solid tracks for an eating joint. They eat just about the equivalent of a fifteen course menu at the Ritz with Bing assuring Bob that everything's O.K. even though they aint got any dough. The meal ends and Bing pays up grandly with a fistful of schmolaks (or whatever currency they use ... that's what it sounded like to me) More very snappy dialogue when Bob asks where Bing got the dough from. "I sold a guy something" says Bing. "Whaddya sell the guy" sez Bob. "You!!" sez Bing. "WHAAAAT!!! why should a guy wanna buy a guy" sez Bob etc.etc.

But Bob's fate is very lush. He ends up as a stable companion to Dorothy Lamour. It appears that Dottie wants to get married. But a long time back an Eastern Old Moore or Oriental Lindo forecast that her first husband would die an 'orrible death far worse than fate. Hence Bob ... he's the first husband to be. A sort of fatted guinea pig. And he doesn't know

what the score is yet. In fact when Bing's conscience really upsets him ...conscience and Auntie in his dreams ... he walks the streets singing "Ain't got a dime to my name, Ho Hum" in a vain effort to try and find out what happened to poor Bob. Suddenly from the high window of a palace, a stone wrapped in paper lands at his feet. The note's from Bob ... it reads "Am in terrible danger, flea, flea" F-L-E-A spells out Bing in disgust. The only danger that Bob's in is moral danger. Surrounded by a whole harem of beautiful maidens (Hollywood type) and being fawned on, plied with food and wines and having a manicure all at the same time is Bob's idea of terrible danger ... plus the fact that this is a one man ride and why the heck should he cut in Bing. Bing cuts himself in when he sees the set-up after a one man rescue act. Thereafter it's a two man battle for the love of our Dottie and of course our hero Bing is winning all hands down after he warbles a couple of tuneful quickies "Moonlight Becomes You" and "Constantly" The trouble is that Dottie is genuinely in love with Bing and she hasn't forgotten the seer's warning. Enter the villain (the guy she was going to marry at first by marrying him second ... this gets complicated !) Rapid exeunt by camel by the trio across the desert, off to the States by liner, liner blows up and Bing, Bob and Dottie are back on a raft again. You almost feel like saying, blimey this is where I came in. The final hilarious scene shows Bob hoarsely croaking for "Water, WATER, I gotta have WATER, gimme WATER !!" When Bing points out that the Statue of Liberty is only a mile or two away, Bob indignantly retorts, "That's right Pal, spoil my chance of getting an Oscar!" If I had my way I'd give them all Oscars for that wonderful mirage scene where they see a road club ice creamery loaded with drink and lovely gals and which disappears when they high-tail towards it. Or that scene where Bing, Dottie and Bob sing a trio using each others voices. To hear Bob Hope singing like Dorothy Lamour could only happen in my life.

STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM

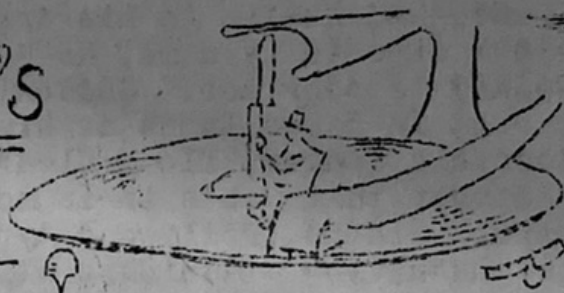
Bing made a very brief appearance in "Star Spangled Rhythm" and the film was really just another get together of Paramount's Stars, minor and bit players and some additional speciality talent. Before process shots of a reproduction of Gutzon Borglum's huge heads of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and good old Abraham Lincoln sculptured out of the rock of a North Dakota mountain, with an American flag waving in the breeze and before a crowd of upturned heads, Bing sang "OLD GLORY" It was well sung, but the material was not a half as effective as the huge setting and I think Bing should have had better material. Unlike other collectors and admirers of Bing Crosby I am not very keen on his patriotic songs and material. I tend to dislike any flag-waving patriotism on record and in films and plays. The American People seem to thrive on it to almost a nauseating point of over patriotism. Stick to Gershwin Cole Porter and Kern etc. Bing and leave the heritage series well alone. P.S. Anyone writing to me asking for my only copy of "Old Ironsides" are wasting their time !

CROSBYTALK (Continued from Page 3)

asking that the programme be repeated, but that seems highly improbable: at least they know that we are dissatisfied if that helps.

Bob Hope was named one of the ten best dressed men by the Custom Tailors Guild of America: said Bing, "It's a sad commentary on men's fashions when a sad sack like Hope winds up on the best dressed list."

Les Gaylor's GROANER IN THE GROOVE



Since the issue of our last journal Decca have issued a few more recordings all of which are excellent. Let us hope that they will keep on with the good work and, if possible, slightly increase their rate of issue as there are still many excellent recordings that are denied to us.

Judging by your letters, many of you think that Bing ought to record a few more of the popular tunes; an opinion which I heartedly indorse. How about it Bing.

And so - on to the new releases:

04879	Marrying for Love.	L5849	21/9/50	*****
	The Best Thing for You.	L5850	21/9/50	*****

Both these songs are from the American musical comedy "Call Me Madam" which is currently running at the Coliseum in London. I have not seen the show, but, judging by all accounts, it is well worth a visit. The tunes are all composed by that great songwriting genius Irving Berlin and these two titles are both perfect material for Bing.

"Marrying for Love" is, I should imagine, quite one of the best numbers in the show and Bing sings it magnificently. With the exception of an occasional passage of shaky vibrato, this is an absolutely faultless recording.

"The Best Thing for You" is also extremely well done. It has a very pleasant beginning where Bing sings the verse with merely a piano accompaniment.

Both songs have good love lyrics, and Sonny Burke and his orchestra provide some of the best musical accompaniment for Bing that I have heard for sometime. Altogether a very worthy record. What a pity that Bing hasn't recorded any more numbers from the show.

04901	Granada.	L6043	5/2/51	*****
	Copacabana.	L6040	5/2/51	****

Two more grand sides from the session that produced "Quizas," which is already issued here. "Granada" has been a firm favourite for some time and it gets an excellent treatment from Bing. There is

some nice guitar work at the beginning followed by Bing and a chorus of Spanish lyrics. "Copacabana" is not quite such a good number as either "Quizas" or "Grenada," but nevertheless Bing does it full justice. This session was indeed a profitable one for Bing, so let us hope that Deccas will issue the fourth side, "Maria Bonita." The musical accompaniment is excellently supplied by the Bando Da Lua.

04900	At Last, At Last.	L6575	19/12/51	*****
	The Isle of Inisfree.	L6576	19/12/51	*****

"At Last" is a song that is fast becoming popular. Written by the famous French singer Charles Trenet, it is featured in the Folies Bergere show "Paris to Piccadilly!" As in the past, so once again, Bing scores with a Continental number which has superb lyrics and a wonderful accompaniment by the string section of John Scott Trotter's orchestra.

The reverse is not the famous poem by W.B. Yeats as might be supposed from the title, but is an altogether different number though in strict Irish vein. Bing always makes a splendid job with any Irish number and this is no exception.

04914	The Girl Friend.	L5986	7/1/51	****
	A Weaver of Dreams.	L6494	19/10/51	*****

I consider that "The Girl Friend" is a slight improvement on the two other sides from the same session that have already been released here, namely "Then You've Never Been Blue" and "You Gotta Show Me." The song is a great deal more tuneful and Bing certainly sounds very happy. Not being a student or devotee of either jazz or swing music I cannot in all fairness comment on Tommy Dorsey's accompanying orchestra, and will suffice to say that personally I didn't care for it. Others may think differently.

My preference is for the other side, for here we get the full-throated Crosby in the manner which distinguishes him from anybody else. Bing is on top of his form and the recording engineers have done him proud. More like this please Bing.

04921	Two Shillelach O'Sullivan.	L6655	19/2/52	****
	That Tumbledown Shack in Athlone.	L4171	7/5/43	*****

Last, but by no means least, we have two more Irish numbers. The former is in the same vein as "Dear Old Donegal" and many others; very good for a rather typed number. The reverse has only just been issued for the first time in the States, which accounts for the long delay between recording and issuing. Still better late than never, and Bing sings this famous old Irish ballad in a lovely slow tempo that can only be described as first class. John Scott Trotter provides his usual superlative accompaniment.

Dot asks if all members who wrote to their cinemas about the films "Pennies from Heaven" and "The Bells of St. Mary's" would be kind enough to forward her the names and addresses of the cinemas in question so that she can draw up a list for Mr. Hamer.

that "most listened to"

Here's Arthur Allen's views.

A new series in which you are invited to tell what and why you think what you do about Bing.

A couple of years ago I saw a Russian film which told the story of two young Russian artists who weren't quite 'artists'. One was aspiring to become a great tenor. His voice was full of virility and power. After his singing exercises one morning his wise and learned teacher told him to go away and not bother to return unless he ceased in self-glorification of his voice. The wise professor warned that to enjoy the beauty of the voice was the lot of the audience, not the man who made the big noise, his job was to sing the music!

I reflected on this and it does, in my opinion, seem to be the rule to-day. I remember reading a biography of the great tenor from Vienna, Tauber, who, it was said, in his youth had ambitions to sing like Heinrich Hensel the Wagnerian opera singer of the early 1900's. Had it not been for Carl Beines, famed singing coach, Tauber would have been lost to the world because the youth failed to realise his voice was not made for heroic Wagnerian singing parts but for Mozart- and later Lehar, or as I should say to emphasize my point, for melody.

A singer who has never indulged in self-glorification is Bing Crosby. With all the opposition that frequently comes up before him he never tries to sound better than they think they do. Frank Sinatra, Perry Como and countless others force their high and their low notes while the Groaner just sings as his voice allows him to and his is the more pleasant sound in the long run.

It seems quite logical to me that a young singer invents a style and retains it, trying to live up to it for as many years as he or she can. Naturally the voice matures becoming lower in most cases. You will find these singers trying to live up to their reputed styles for the sake of originality for years and years.

It is evident that one, Bing Crosby, soon found this out and nearly every year we find some variation has crept into the Crosby style. Although there is a Crosby style there is not the Crosby style for there is little if any comparison between the style and sound of Bing to-day and back in 1930. Record collectors will bear me out. If you can compare Bing's early "I kiss your hand madame" with the recording made after it was re-incarnated in "The Emperor Waltz" you will agree. Don't say Bing couldn't sing the song in his old style because he's not so good as he was. If there's one man who knows how good his voice is it's Bing Crosby and when he thinks he's finished he'll retire. If he sang in the fashion he did in the thirties he'd be called a has been whereas he is as modern as be-bop!

Well, this is what I think makes Crosby a great artist. He simply doesn't indulge in 'self glorification': he is not in love with his own voice. Just watch the next time you see Bing and just notice the difference when you happen to see other singers. There is one great tenor who can be seen to actually smile with gladness when he manages to reach a rather high note, even his hands rise!



This month the editors are taking a back seat and living up to their editorial title as a large part of the compiling and typing of this issue has been done by Art, who very nobly spent a couple of days of his holiday beating his brains and his typewriter on both our and your behalf. Many thanks Art. We only wish that there were more members willing to put themselves out a little on behalf of the club. As you can see we have taken a very literal back seat, page fourteen instead of page two, and trust that by so doing we have not alienated the affections of our numerous devotees who, so they are always reminding us, merely take this magazine for the fillip they obtain by being able to pass us airily by with some muttered comment such as "trash", "doggeral" or even, as one friend of mine expressed it, "b----y bilge." Never mind, dear friends, this month the shock goes to those annoying people who, like the Chinese, will insist on reading a magazine from the end first.

Nevertheless, to those of you who have survived the shock of receiving a copy of this journal so soon after the last issue, we send greetings and the hope that the additional strain of an extra days holiday at Witsuntide has not resulted in an enforced confinement in "The pleasant land of Counterpane" as Stevenson, or maybe it was someone else, so aptly described it. For ourselves, we spend a great deal of time therein, nearly all our sleeping hours and many of our waking ones as well.

Some months ago one of the less disinterested amongst our members suggested that we ran a series of articles by different people but all on the same subject with a view to ascertaining different points of view and perhaps fermenting discussion among the members. Accordingly we asked several members to write an article to be entitled "The Voice of Crosby", and this month the first of that series appears. Now that Art has started the ball rolling, how about some of you other members taking it over; all we ask for is one article, which need not be very lengthy, entitled "The Voice of Crosby." And don't just pass this up in despair saying "I can't write an article, my ideas are the same as everybody elses; how do you know; remember what may seem commonplace to you may seem revolutionary to someone else. And with that happy thought we shall leave you for this issue.

FOR SALE:-

Candid shots of Bing taken at the opening of the Stage Door Canteen 1944., by Lancelot Vining.

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ plate of Bing & Jack Buchanan at the mike.

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ plate of Bing pulling a face when Bob Hope's name is mentioned.

Both priced at 2/6d. each. Send P/O for 2/9d. (including postage)

for one print to:- Mr. "Cab" Smith, "The Nest", High Street, Cookham, BERKS. Closing date for orders is 31 July 1952.

THE ISSUE OF RARE BING CROSBY VOCALS ON "RISTIC"

(The innovation of a new record label featuring Bing announced by Ralph S. Harding)

The average record collector and even the seasoned expert usually experiences a great deal of difficulty in obtaining rare commercial discs, studio blow-ups and unusual air-shots and film transcriptions even if he or she is fortunate enough to trade with a reliable collector in America. In collaboration with another well-known jazz collector I have decided that it is possible to supply a limited issue of otherwise unobtainable Crosby items for members of the club and other members of similar clubs interested.

The record issue will be known as "Ristic" and it will be an issue of a double-sided ten inch disc pressed on an unbreakable silent-surface known as Vinylite. This compound is in many respects far superior to normal brittle wax. The total cost of one record will be ten shillings and this charge includes packing and postage. Two discs will cost 18/6 and three will cost 26/- all inclusive. Depending on the success of the first issue, it is hoped to have several issues in this series. The issue will be limited to 100 copies pressed after which the master will be no longer used. Suggestions for sides to be pressed are cordially invited but I am listing here sides which would be suitable for pressing and also be of great interest to all Crosby collectors.

1. We've got another Bond to buy War advert disc used in U.S.A. cinemas
2. The 49'er skit (Californ-i-ay Gold Rush) Bing, Bob Hope and Alan Ladd
3. Rhythm Boys Re-union. Bing, Harry Barris and Al Rinker 20 years after.
4. Alabama Bound 5. The one I love belongs to somebody else 6. My blue Heaven 7. Carolina in the morning 8. Baby Face 9. Back in your own Backyard and many more, all duets by Bing and the late Al Jolson.
10. Bye Bye Baby 11. Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer 12. Poppa Santa Claus
13. Harbour Lights, all duets with Judy Garland. 14. Wait til the sunshines Nellie 15. Birth of the Blues 16. Whispering Hope 17. St. James Infirmary Blues 18. Other parts of "The Birth of the Blues" soundtrack with and without Mary Martin.

Famous Bing blow-ups of Jingle Bells, Blues Serenade, Jimmy Valentine, Wrap your troubles in dreams, Moon and willow tree, Time after Time, The Bowery (Rolling Rockaway Raoul) The latter is a skit on producer Raoul Walsh and features Jerry Colonna ... apart from being rather vulgar it is very funny. All those listed above could be pressed and we also have an unlimited (well nearly unlimited!) stock of other air-shots and unusual items.

Here comes the snag. Pressing costs are high and our prices would have to be as mentioned above. However this is still cheaper than a normal private issue. "Wrap your troubles" was issued at 12/6 plus postage about a year ago by a West End record shop. Our aim is to eventually issue at 8/6 including postage. We must have a definite order of fifty discs before we can even hope to pay overheads such as making a master and printing etc. If we cannot get a guarantee of acceptance of fifty discs, the idea would result in a financial dead loss. So members, it's up to you ... if you want these records, please send me a postcard. Please send NO MONEY If we have your full support, the first disc for issue will be announced in the next number of Crosbyana. Thereafter, each subscriber will be notified of the following disc for issue. I will now sit back and wait for the first flood of postcards.

Remember, it's a limited edition. Only 100 records will be printed.